

De La Soul Lyrics

"Declaration"

Yo, this girl called me..
"Hi Pos! Heard your shit, back in style baby!"
.. heard the De La, said I'm back in style y'know?
Heh..

[scratching]

"You-you-you.. you need to stop"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
"There's always ONE.. (ONE!)"
[Rebel INS] "Amateurs get hung with they own gold chains"
"There it is!!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]

The average MC sells terror
We nail terror up against the wall for target practice
Not one of your top five MC's
but I see clearly with ease you lack this
Coast to coast, we pop up on your scene like toast
playin host to your regiment
who rally to boast, but now boast no more
They got floored by the sight of my ledger print
I came specifically, to fracture yo' ability
to grandstand anywhere next to me
This is the year, when the true better man
keeps the cheddar and writes to his destiny (word!)
Timeless episodes of talent got me nominated
by the ones who hated me on spittin tighter
Salute these "Supa Emcees" for bein clever;
and never use the weed as a ghost writer

[scratching]

[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"
[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this {shit} is hot"
[Malik B] "Run a rapper through a maze like a experiment"
"Yeah, word up!"
[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[Pos/Plug Won]

Contrary to popular truth, these youth are runnin scared
so in one stare they gettin strapped
Cash rules NUTTIN from below the belt
The dick choose to melt asses where them dollars at?
(Where them dollars at?) Musta been bitten by a rabbit
Actin silly like that; your pop culture need a diaper change
I'm snatchin the mic, like I'm lootin

with a whole lot of shootin while you're keepin out of sniper range
Your aim's to please, my aim's to freeze
you dead center in your tracks with your hands high
Ain't no tricks, we set it to fire like Hendrix
All the hard rocks at liquor spots
All over the scene, makin it messy
so we make a clean getaway to a better day
Can't say the same, for them cats who left the game
cause they couldn't claim the better pay
This ain't no masquerade
so the mass parade of people need to stop frontin
There's truly a few makin them hits
while us, we got our mitts closed cause you on the field buntin
Make it to third base, but never reach home
The word is, your whereabouts is unknown
While we're that point of view, that you never really knew
with the stitch to keep the cut sewn (De La!)

[scratching]

[Prodigy] "I declare that only live niggaz rap this year"

[P. Smith] "Jam's off the meter yo, this shit is hot"

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ROCK A BYE BABY!! ON THE TREE TOP!!
WHEN THE WIND BLOWS!! THE CRADLE WILL ROCK!!
ROCK!! RO..